

Four Hymns and Some Religious Verses

by Benjamin B. Warfield

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* Note: This transcription does not include the sheet music for the hymns, that can be viewed from a scan of the original document here: <https://archive.org/details/fourhymns00warf>

HYMNS

(Sheet music omitted from transcription.)

THE LOVE OF GOD ALMIGHTY.

1. O the love of God Almighty,
 O His ceaseless love!
Piercing thro' the depths beneath us,
 Through the heights above;
Wilder than the boundless spaces,
 Where the stars do dwell;
Kindling heaven with its brightness,
 Reaching down to hell;
Kindling heaven with its brightness,
 Reaching down to hell.

Yea, our mother may forget us;
 Yea, our father fall;
Yea, the bridegroom may grow careless,--
 Other thoughts prevail;
We may change, and all the whiteness
 Of our souls may blot:
O the love of God Almighty,
 Lo, it changes not.

Holy is the Lord Almighty,
 Righteous past compare:
We are sinners—who among us
 Can His vengeance bear?
Lo the Cross! And One upon it
 Coming from above!
O the love of God Almighty
 O His saving love!

LORD GOD OF ALL THE AGES!

Lord God of all the ages, Lord of our age as well,
Thou sittest in Thy Heavens, We on the earth do dwell;
Help us to trust Thee wholly, To count Thee ever true,
And all that Thou commandest, In ready faith to do.
Amen.

We hear the heathen raging, the world's rebellious roar,---
Thy bands they cast off from them, Thy sceptre own no more;
Yet still Thy voice is calling to all who will be hear;
Still through the murky darkness Thy light is shining clear.

This shadow that we dwell in, it too shall pass away,
As more and more dawns on us the splendor of Thy day;
O help us in our weakness Thine empire to confess,
And fill our hearts with courage to trust Thy faithfulness.

Lord God of all the ages, the future as the past,
And of these times of evil in which our lot is cast,
Help us to hear with trembling, the while our hearts rejoice,
The thunders of Thy marching, the whispers of Thy voice.

HOW GLORIOUS ART THOU, O OUR GOD!

How glorious art Thou, O our God!
'Tis Thou and Thou alone
Who dwellest in Thy people's praise,
On Thine eternal throne. Amen.

How many voices, diff'reng tongues,
Harmonious, join to raise
To Thee, O Rock of Israel,
Accumulating praise!

From Charran and Chaldean Ur,
The River's banks along,
From Canaan's heights and Egypt's sands,
Ascends the constant song,--

From all the towns that stud the hills
Of teeming Galilee,
From marts of Greece and misty lands
Beyond the Western Sea.

Fain would we catch the accents strange,
Fain train our ears to hear
The notes that hymn Thee through the years,
O Israel's Hope and Fear!

'Twas Thou didst teach Thy Sons of old
Thy varied laud to sing,
School Thou our hearts that we may too
Our hallelujahs bring.

How glorious art Thou, O our God!
How might past compare!
Thou dwellest in Thy people's praise,--
Accept the praise we bear.

HYMN FOR THE OPENING OF THE SEMINARY.

Great God the Giver, Thou hast faithful been,
Here Thou hast set Thy name, and we have seen
Thy mercies grow from year to year more green,--
Lord we thank Thee, Lord, we thank Thee. Amen

'Twas Thou didst raise these walls: and Thou didst give
Thy saints Thy truth to teach, Thy truth to live;
They wrought their work, and Thou didst it receive,--
Lord, we thank Thee.

Unt their feet Thou gatheredst of Thy Sons,--
The love of Thee waxed fire within their bones,
The world has heard their voice,--its huts, its thrones,---
Lord, we thank Thee.

God of our fathers, still pour out Thy grace
In plenteous streams upon this hallowed place,

Still show it all Thy glorious faithfulness,
Lord, we pray Thee.

And as the flood of years rolls ever by,
Build here, Thy holy house each year more high,
Establish here Thy truth unchangeably,--
Lord, we pray Thee.

And every year send forth a sacred host,
Taught of thy Christ, filled with the Holy Ghost,
The cross their only theme, their only boast,
Lord, we pray Thee.

POEMS

THE ADVENT

The Lord has come into His world!

 "Nay, nay, that cannot be:

The world is full of noisomeness

 And all iniquity;

The Lord—thrice holy is His name—

 He cannot touch this thing of shame."

The Lord has come into His world!

 "Ah, then, He comes in might,

The sword of fury in His hands,

 With vengeance all bedight!

O wretched world ! thine end draws near,

Prepare to meet thy God, in fear!"

The Lord has come into His world!

 "What! in that baby sweet?

That broken man, acquaint with grief?

 Those bleeding hands and feet?

He is the Lord of all the earth,

How can He stoop to human birth?"

The Lord has come into His world!

 "A slaughtered Lamb I see,

A smoking altar, on which burns

 A sacrifice for me!

He comes—He comes—O blessed day!—

He comes to take my sin away!"

THE MOWER

A MOWER went forth to mow,

 And crooned his workman's song:—

" Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,

 Make the swath both wide and long."

Gaily the grasses grow,

 And fling their heads in pride:—

" Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,

 Make the swath both long and wide."

Quiet they lie behind,

 Each by his neighbor's side:—

" Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,

 Make the swath both long and wide."

Though every spear of them all

 Be a man in right or in wrong:

" Swing, swing, O mower, thy goodly scythe,

 Make the swath both wide and long."

AUGUSTINE'S PHILOSOPHY

"THERE is a place for everything,
 In earth or sky or sea,
Where it may find its proper use
 And of advantage be,"
 Quoth Augustine, the saint.

The mocker quick, with curling lip:—
 "Then there's a place for vice!"
"Yea, fitly 'neath our trampling feet,
 May lie the cockatrice,"
 Quoth Augustine, the saint.

"Our very vices, great and foul,
 When in the earth they're trod,
May haply lofty ladders build
 On which to climb to God,"
 Quoth Augustine, the saint.

PRAYER AND WORK

SAID one, one day: "My cause is good,
 The Lord will prosper it."
Said Luther: "Take it to Him, then;
 That were provision fit.

"Trust in the Lord, not in thy cause,
 However good it be;
Take it forthwith in faithful hands
 And lay it on His knee.

"The best of causes go amiss;
 The Lord will never fail:
Commit thy ways into His care,
 And then—shake out thy sail."

WANTED—A SAMARITAN

PRONE in the road he lay,
 Wounded and sore bested;
Priests, Levites, passed that way,
 And turned aside the head.

They were not hardened men
 In human service slack:
His need was great: but then,
 His face, you see, was black.

TRUSTING IN THE DARK

SAID Robert Leighton, holy man,
 Intent a flickering faith to fan
 Into a steady blaze:—
"Behold yon floweret to the sun,

As he his daily course doth run,
Turn undeclining gaze.

"E'en when the clouds obscure his face,
And only faith discerns the place
 Where in the heavens he soars,
This floweret still, with constant eye,
The secret places of the sky
 Untiringly explores.

"Look up, my soul! What can this be
But Nature's parable to thee?
 Look up, with courage bright!
The clouds press on thee, dense and black,
Thy Sun shines ever at their back—
 Look up and see His light!"

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

I DREAMED a dream on yesternight:—
A charnel house rose on my sight,
Vast, crowded, horrible. Untold
In numbers, in the gathered mould
Of untold numbers more, the dead
Lay heaped, each frame, each ghastly head
Oozing corruption. Suddenly
A great voice sounded, crying, See!
And lo ! a Lamb amid these dead,
With wounded feet and wounded head,
And wounded side, wherefrom the blood
Surged in a never-ceasing flood.
Again the voice cried, See! And lo!
The Lamb was moving on with slow
Calm steps, the serried ranks to thread;
And, passing, lo! there were no dead,
But in their place a gathering train
Hymning the Lamb which had been slain.

IN THE THEATRE—THIRD CENTURY

"YES, Rome hath many mimes of skill, but yet
 But one Genesius. For who but he
 Hath power to make us roar with frantic glee
The while, in Galilean wise, all wet
With 'sacred water,' sore with blows and th' fret
 Of chains well-merited, he skulks . . . But see!
 He comes! Hear how they greet him! Note how free,
How sure his play! The very thing! I'll get
The cramps from laughter! . . . Bah! what ails him now?
 The baptizing scene's his best,—and there all white
He stands, and trembling! Ill? Nay, what says he?
'A Christian! Christ the Lord hath set him free!'
To the lions with the booby! . . . Yet, somehow,
 I doubt . . . What makes the fellow's face so bright?"

IN THE WORLD-TWENTIETH CENTURY

GENESIUS on the stage of Rome, what time
The heathens' rage imagined vanity,
Made sport of Christ, until the all-seeing eye
Observed and pitied the deluded mime.
At once the scales fell from him ; and sublime
In holy courage, as his blasphemy
E'en so his faith he published openly,—
Wherefor he died before the winter's rime.

Dear Lord, how oft do we on narrower stage
Like him deny Thee, if but we may win
Applauding smiles from those who love Thee not?
O grant us too to hate the world's mad din,
That clamors 'gainst Thee, and, our shame forgot,
On heart and lips to bear Thy name from age to age.

OUT OF THE NIGHT-WATCHES

PEACE! peace! the night will pass! No, no, not yet
The robin's call awakes the drowsy day.
Nay, 'tis the robin ! and from far away
An oriole's whistle ! How the sparrows fret,
A noisier Babel in my hedge-row set;
They quarrel with the dawn! And hark, that bay
Of dog! And now a footfall on the way!
'Tis morning beating at my lattice-net!

Great God, the light is Thine : nay, Thou art light!
O that this restless longing of my heart
Might pipe me warning of Thy rising rays!
So would my fretting thoughts of yesternight
Cease their complaining, and employ their art
To drown the darkness in their iterant praise.

APOCALYPTICS

IN His own time, in His own way, He came,
The Hope of Israel: not in such guise
As flared before the anger-smarting eyes
Of those old watchers, who, in stolen name
Of seer or sibyl (heedless of their shame,
Would drown in glory present infamies,—
Prophets of hope, but prophets too of lies,
With vengeful passion, not with love, aflame.
God's ways are not as ours : the sun shall cease
Before His glory when He comes again;
As when He came at first, all thoughts of men,
Their dreams of unfound joys, of untried peace,
Their hopes of succor in their bitter ruth,
Stood all abashed before the unimagined truth.

--THE END--